

411**"Avenue Of The Dead"**Visit "[Avenue Of The Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Take a nature walk
Downtown Eastside
The Avenue of the Dead
Rig in withered hand
Again and again
Flick it, flick it, flick it
Mount the ivory horse

Clustered in an alley
Shooting up, waiting for a John
A dark cloud on this city
No reason to care or live
Just survive to get another fix
On the Avenue of the Dead

So many people
In a place this city
Has just forgotten and left
To rot, to rot

Anyone can walk
Right by an undead pack getting high
So haunting and so bleak
Try to leave but keep
Coming back to get another fix
The Avenue of the Dead

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